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THE RURAL ESTIMATE

by

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A summer hotel on a little mountain lake had undergone a complete change. Fresh paint, attractive drapes at the windows, chairs and awnings added to the dock, a far more adequate float with a higher diving board, a tennis court, a shuffle board area and now there was a club room atmosphere in the big old lobby.

All these alterations and additions furnished the topics for conversation around the oil burner in the country store - at the nearby garage - in front of the little country post office and in the farmers' homes.

When late spring arrived, among the first to open her cottage on an adjoining lake, was a woman, who being eager to catch up on neighborhood news since the preceding summer, asked the farmer's son, acting as chore boy, "What about that summer hotel down the road? They've quite made the place over. What kind of a place is it?"

Stimulated by these inquiries and glad to spread exciting news, the awkward rural youth leaned toward the cottager in a confidential manner, spat (after the fashion of his dad) while in a lowered voice he answered, - "Guess it's a pretty tough place 'cause they've got a pool table".

THE END